

The Marble Hill Press.

Hill & Chandler, Publishers.

MARBLE HILL, MISSOURI

The jewels which the duchess of Cornwall takes with her to Australia are insured against all risks for \$175,000. Those of the duke are insured for \$2,000.

Nazareth has now its telegraph office, where an Armenian operator, in ordinary European dress, keeps the village community in touch with the great world.

A Roman chariot has been found near Philadelphia, in a tomb. All the metal parts of the chariot and the harness were found, as well as arms and human remains.

The largest tree in the state of New Jersey is a white oak, situated three miles north of Mickleton, Gloucester county. Its dimensions are: Height, 95 feet; diameter of trunk, three feet above the ground, 11 feet 10 inches; and spread of branches, 118 feet. This tree antedates the settlement of the colony.

Since the supply of brains is not equal to the demand, the price of brains has gone up. The president of the new steel corporation is reported to receive a million-dollar salary. It is said that he began work for thirty dollars a month, and after 39 years he has out-earned his wage-worker in the steel industry.

From the excavations at Colima, Honduras, is steadily accumulating at the Peabody museum, Cambridge, Mass. The museum has been able to complete in this prehistoric city its investigations of the great hieroglyphic stairway on the face of the pyramid. Molds have been made of all the steps, with their carvings and inscriptions.

The German papers state that during the last year the exports from the United States to the Argentine Republic have increased 39 per cent, as compared with the figures of the preceding year. This gives America second place among the countries which do export business into Argentina, while the German Empire has passed down to the fourth place. England stands first.

Cremation is becoming increasingly popular in Paris, and the crematorium erected at the cemetery of Pere La Chaise has already been found to be too small. Additions are being made, and a third furnace, a large hall, and a columbarium will soon be ready for use. The last-named will contain 10,000 receptacles for ashes. These niches are closed with slabs of marble, on which inscriptions may be cut.

It is said that a telephone system, using common baritone phones as a conductor of the voice of its patrons, has been placed in use in Pullman, Wash., conversation being held over this as easily as any long-distance telephone line. The line runs from a hotel in Pullman to a farm nine miles south of the town and it was placed in operation by several farmers for their private use. The entire line, nine miles in length, with four telephones, cost less than \$100.

The forestry division of the agricultural department is engaged in drafting a working plan looking to the conservation of the timber on a tract of 600,000 acres in the neighborhood of Millinocket, Me., belonging to a private paper corporation. It is a part of a general policy to be inaugurated by the department for the conservation of timber land throughout the United States to secure a perpetual crop of timber in the areas under consideration. The private concern will pay all expenses of the work save the salaries of the government experts, who are directed by Prof. Gifford Pinchot, chief of the division.

An incident which reflects great credit on the labor organization of the country occurred at the late convention of the American Federation of Labor in Louisville, Ky. The National Liquor Dealers' association came before the convention with a formal proposal that the two bodies form an offensive and defensive alliance. The liquor dealers were ready to agree, in the event of this coalition, to employ only union bartenders and waiters, and to sell union-made beer. For a time it looked as if they might persuade the labor men, but a delegate from Illinois arose, and in a stirring speech recalled the influence of Miss Frances E. Willard on behalf of organized labor, and urged the convention in her name to reject the proposition. When the vote was taken it was almost unanimously against the alliance. The Knights of Labor have also taken the same ground—a course which will add more strength to the liquor legislation that would be a million dollars in its treasury.

To abate the advertising nuisance—advertisements which are in themselves obnoxious or which are displayed in unsuitable places—legislation is not always necessary. Such action as that recently taken by the Bill-Posters' association of England is quite as effective. A theatrical manager perpetrated a sensational bill-poster. The bill-posters refused to put it up. Here is foundation for the hope that one day all public-spirited citizens will decline to use paint-pot and brush to disgrace the beauties of nature.

A German army surgeon has been calculating the cost of an artificial man—so far as he can be artificial and live. He has under his care an old artilleryman, who retains little of his original body but a trunk and half a face. For \$25 one may get a pair of arms and hands, while legs would run to about \$28. A false nose is rather expensive, costing from \$16 to \$20. In short, one could replace all of himself for about \$210, including a good—though not servicable—pair of artificial eyes.

Two sisters of Gen. George H. Thomas, the distinguished union commander, are still living at the old family seat in Southampton county, Virginia, in the house where he and they were born. Miss Judith, the elder, is nearly 90 years old, and Miss Anne is ten years younger.

A Missouri man sent a neighbor a threatening notice on a postal card. The United States postal authorities had the man arrested for using the mails illegally. He paid \$47.50 for the fun he had had.

Hollow Ash... Hall

BY MARGARET BLOUNT.

CHAPTER IX.

To walk straight up to the door of a strange house, with nothing but a plaid shawl thrown over your head, requires a considerable amount of courage and nerve. At every step of the way, Miss Marjorie's scruples grew stronger—her sense of outraged propriety more clear. At last she came to a dead stop, just as they reached the outer gate of Hollow Ash Hall.

"What is it now?" asked Cowley, patting her hand encouragingly. "I really can't go in, Charles!"

"Nonsense!"

"They will think I am mad. Only see! I know that my hair is half down and I have no bonnet! Don't make me go there, Charles, till I am more presentable—there's a dear!"

"Madam, do you intend to obey your lawful husband or not?" said Mr. Cowley, with mock solemnity.

"But, Charles, do hear reason."

"No, I won't! I've had enough of reason in my life. So come along, my love. The moment you enter under those gates you will get a warm greeting for my sake, and no one will stop to think whether you have a bonnet on or not."

"But that is just like you women! You can't even die comfortably unless you have a fashionable winding sheet to be wrapped in!"

"Men never study appearance—that is a fact well known!" said Miss Marjorie, quietly. He laughed, and led her up the avenue.

The shutters of the house were all closed, but through a crevice in one of the low windows came a bright line of light, testifying to the presence of its occupants.

"Now look for it! Look as dignified as you can, Marjorie," said Mr. Cowley, and rang the bell.

A light came rapidly through the hall. The door was opened, and a stout female, with a candle in her hand, peered doubtfully out into the night.

"Is it you, master?" she began. And just then catching sight of the shrill figure of Marjorie, she gave a start of horror and ran away.

"It's odd," said Rose herself, and a tall black man with her? They heard her scream—and then came a babel of voices from the inner room.

"But the door! Look! Keep them out!" said one.

"I do wish papa would come! It is too bad to leave us in such a place alone!" sighed another.

"But some one is really at the door," spoke up a third. "It is all nonsense about Queen Bees; I am going to see what they want!"

"Oh, don't, Rose!" cried her mother and sister.

"Indeed, Miss Rose, it is Queen Bees as natural as life!" put in Mrs. Macarthy.

"Nonsense," replied Rose, and taking the candle she went out to the door with a firm step.

"Who is it, and what do you want?" she asked, quietly.

Mr. Cowley stepped in, and let the light shine full on her face.

"Don't you know me, Rose?"

"Why, Charles—Consin Charles, can it be you?"

"It is really me."

"But I thought you were in Australia!"

"So I was till a few weeks ago. Don't be alarmed, Rose; I am no ghost, but solid flesh and blood. And here is some one else, for whom I must crave a welcome—my wife, Rose, whom your servant mistook for the apparition of Queen Elizabeth."

Rose stared, as well she might, when he drew in Miss Marjorie beside him. But Cousin Charles was her great favorite, and she had faith in everything he said, for everybody loved him. So she held out her hand to the bonnetless stranger, with a pleasant smile, and then led the way to the drawing room.

"Mamma, you will never guess who has come!" he exclaimed. "Cousin Charles Cowley from Australia, and his wife."

Greatly bewildered, Mrs. Cowley came forward to welcome her guests. She had the wildest notions about the manners and customs of foreign countries and seeing a tall, stately lady with a plaid cloak doing duty for head and shoulders, as bonnet and shawl, she instantly fancied that it must be the native costume of the land from which she came—the ne plus ultra of all elegance and grace among the ladies of Melbourne and Sydney. It was good to see Mr. Cowley's face as the consciousness of her mistake dawned upon him by degrees.

"Dear me! Charles from Australia, and his wife! My dear, you are most welcome. Will you lay aside your—"

She was at a loss how to designate the article of dress, but finally hit upon the word "burnous" as being the most suitable to the purpose. "Will you take off your burnous, my dear?"

At that Mr. Cowley burst out laughing.

"My dear aunt, it is not a burnous, but an old plaid cloak!" he exclaimed. "And my wife never saw Australia!"

She was at a loss how to designate the article of dress, but finally hit upon the word "burnous" as being the most suitable to the purpose. "Will you take off your burnous, my dear?"

At that Mr. Cowley burst out laughing.

"My dear aunt, it is not a burnous, but an old plaid cloak!" he exclaimed. "And my wife never saw Australia!"

She was at a loss how to designate the article of dress, but finally hit upon the word "burnous" as being the most suitable to the purpose. "Will you take off your burnous, my dear?"

At that Mr. Cowley burst out laughing.

"My dear aunt, it is not a burnous, but an old plaid cloak!" he exclaimed. "And my wife never saw Australia!"

She was at a loss how to designate the article of dress, but finally hit upon the word "burnous" as being the most suitable to the purpose. "Will you take off your burnous, my dear?"

At that Mr. Cowley burst out laughing.

"My dear aunt, it is not a burnous, but an old plaid cloak!" he exclaimed. "And my wife never saw Australia!"

She was at a loss how to designate the article of dress, but finally hit upon the word "burnous" as being the most suitable to the purpose. "Will you take off your burnous, my dear?"

At that Mr. Cowley burst out laughing.

"My dear aunt, it is not a burnous, but an old plaid cloak!" he exclaimed. "And my wife never saw Australia!"

She was at a loss how to designate the article of dress, but finally hit upon the word "burnous" as being the most suitable to the purpose. "Will you take off your burnous, my dear?"

At that Mr. Cowley burst out laughing.

"My dear aunt, it is not a burnous, but an old plaid cloak!" he exclaimed. "And my wife never saw Australia!"

She was at a loss how to designate the article of dress, but finally hit upon the word "burnous" as being the most suitable to the purpose. "Will you take off your burnous, my dear?"

At that Mr. Cowley burst out laughing.

CHAPTER X.

day, which told me that my wife was not what she seemed—that she loved another—that she only waited her time to play me false.

"I was foolish enough to read the slanders—to think of them—at last, to believe them. Circumstances, which looked suspicious, then, but which have been by a far clearer light since, came up one after another to make me distrust Marjorie still more. At last I felt so convinced of her faithlessness that I deserted her."

"I left a letter saying why I had gone. I left her money, and I have never seen her since that day till tonight it beamed upon me out of the darkness like an accusing spirit."

Aunt—Rose—she has been a school teacher—a governess, a companion, during my absence. But she is one of the best and purest women on earth, and I look for her to play just as she has from her drudgery, to come and tell you so, I am sure you will all befriend her. Will you not?"

"Every one of us!" was the hearty reply, and Mrs. Cowley folded the young wife in a motherly embrace, and Rose and Catherine kissed her on the cheek in the most affectionate manner.

Tears stood in Marjorie's dark eyes as they did so; and her husband turned his head for a moment, as if ashamed of the weakness which he could not help feeling and showing at their kindness.

"When the good lady who employs her will say to her eloquent, I can not conjecture," remarked Mr. Cowley after a moment's pause.

"Oh! she never had a very good opinion of me!" said Marjorie, cheerfully. "And she will probably utter a devout thanksgiving when she finds that she is to see me no more."

Tears stood in Marjorie's dark eyes as they did so; and her husband turned his head for a moment, as if ashamed of the weakness which he could not help feeling and showing at their kindness.

"Was she a nice person?" asked Catherine.

"Not according to my definition of the word nice. I can describe her to you in a few words. She is a stout woman, who thinks herself ill when she is only lazy, and who never gets out of her easy chair except to go to bed or to fly into a rage—while she does on an average of twelve times a day. No—decidedly I do not want Mrs. Magnus."

"I should think not!" said Rose, laughing. "I wish I could see her face when she hears you are gone!"

"Never mind Mrs. Magnus, now, said Mr. Cowley. "I want to hear something about my uncle and this mad freak of his. What does he do?"

"He is a little frightened, but he fancies that people will laugh at him if he goes away. And so he stays."

"And so it will go on till we are all carried off bodily by these horrible cradle-robbing creatures, and then your father will be satisfied," broke in Mrs. Cowley, more in sorrow than in anger.

Her nephew broke out laughing.

"Ah, you may laugh, Charles, but I can assure you it is no joke to live in a place that gives you the cold shivers every time you stop to think what it really is. And Mr. Cowley actually talks of spending his Christmas here!"

But nothing shall tempt me to stay, even if he does. At any other time I can stand it, but I will not eat turkey and plum pudding in company with half a dozen grown-up hobgoblins to please any man alive!"

"You are quite right, aunt. But I really was not laughing at your troubles, only at your funny way of telling them. But, joking apart, what is this story about a cradle?"

Because I have heard something in Australia, which I think relates to this house."

"In Australia? Why, how could any one know of it there?" asked Rose opening her eyes very wide.

"Who owns this house?"

"A Mr. Vernon."

"Exactly so. Do you know what his first name is?"

"Alfred," said Mrs. Cowley. Her nephew looked perplexed for a moment, only at your funny way of telling them. But, joking apart, what is this story about a cradle?"

Because I have heard something in Australia, which I think relates to this house."

"In Australia? Why, how could any one know of it there?" asked Rose opening her eyes very wide.

"Who owns this house?"

"A Mr. Vernon."

"Exactly so. Do you know what his first name is?"

"Alfred," said Mrs. Cowley. Her nephew looked perplexed for a moment, only at your funny way of telling them. But, joking apart, what is this story about a cradle?"

Because I have heard something in Australia, which I think relates to this house."

"In Australia? Why, how could any one know of it there?" asked Rose opening her eyes very wide.

"Who owns this house?"

"A Mr. Vernon."

"Exactly so. Do you know what his first name is?"

"Alfred," said Mrs. Cowley. Her nephew looked perplexed for a moment, only at your funny way of telling them. But, joking apart, what is this story about a cradle?"

Because I have heard something in Australia, which I think relates to this house."

"In Australia? Why, how could any one know of it there?" asked Rose opening her eyes very wide.

"Who owns this house?"

"A Mr. Vernon."

"Exactly so. Do you know what his first name is?"

"Alfred," said Mrs. Cowley. Her nephew looked perplexed for a moment, only at your funny way of telling them. But, joking apart, what is this story about a cradle?"

Because I have heard something in Australia, which I think relates to this house."

"In Australia? Why, how could any one know of it there?" asked Rose opening her eyes very wide.

"Who owns this house?"

"A Mr. Vernon."

"Exactly so. Do you know what his first name is?"

"Alfred," said Mrs. Cowley. Her nephew looked perplexed for a moment, only at your funny way of telling them. But, joking apart, what is this story about a cradle?"

Because I have heard something in Australia, which I think relates to this house."

"In Australia? Why, how could any one know of it there?" asked Rose opening her eyes very wide.

"Who owns this house?"

"A Mr. Vernon."

"Exactly so. Do you know what his first name is?"

"Alfred," said Mrs. Cowley. Her nephew looked perplexed for a moment, only at your funny way of telling them. But, joking apart, what is this story about a cradle?"

THE ROCKING OF THE CRADLE

had something to do with one of these men; but which of the two I was not prepared to say."

"I saw George," exclaimed Rose, who had been deeply interested in the story.

"And I should like to hear the cradle," remarked Mr. Cowley.

"Oh, don't think of such a thing! It's too horrible!" exclaimed both the girls.

"I only want to convince myself that it does rock."

"But we all heard it!"

"Then I confess I am like the young lady whose grandmother told her that she had found out by her own experience that love-making was very dangerous work. I want to find out by my own experience, too. Where is this cradle?"

"In the kitchen."

"At what time?"

"It begins about nine."

"And it now wants a quarter to ten! It must be in full swing by this time. Rose, will you do the honors of the ghost to your old friend?"

"Not a bit!"

"Catherine?"

"I must beg to be excused."

"Well, aunt, will you come?"

"No, Charles; I'll never set foot in that awful kitchen again, by day or night, while I have my right senses."

"Then I am sure that good servant of yours will do the honors for you."

Mrs. Macarthy shrieked a quick denial before he had time to finish the sentence, and Rose laughed.

(To be continued.)

DREAMS AND FAIR SEX.

Superstition That Is Rife Even Among Educated Women.

It doesn't seem possible that in this enlightened age, superstition could be rife among the educated, but there are, nevertheless, a number of young women who converse fluently, if not eloquently in three languages, and who read Spencer and Browning and Emerson with as much gusto as they do their Bible on the table beside the bed, and consult it in the morning the first thing. With a credulity worthy a negro mammy, if their sleep has been visited with unusual visitors, they seize this volume as soon as their eyes are fairly opened and look for an explanation. If misfortune is foretold by the seer, they are as ready as a boy as soon as she gets a little older, too!" Exchange.

CAREFUL OF HIS CHAIR.

An old farmer in Bruchladdie, Idaho, N. B., once went to have a troublesome tooth extracted.

Said the dentist, after looking at the offending molar. "It is a very ugly one. I would advise you to have it out by the simplest system. It is only a shilling extra."

He showed the farmer the apparatus for administering gas, remarking that it would cause him to fall asleep for a minute, and before he awoke the tooth would be out. After a slight resistance the sufferer consented, proceeding to open his purse.

"Oh, never mind paying just now!" said the dentist, kindly.

"Hoot!" answered the cautious old farmer. "I wasn't thinking of that; but if I'm gone to sleep I thought I'd like to count my silver fast!"—London Tit-Bits.

AM SING' WAY.

The Condemned Mandarin—"What me get? Muchee big letter. Me get inside plenty quick."

"Velly bad writtee. Me no like. What say? Velly you, Prince Sing, you light away, velly quick business, comally suicide. Gettee swift move on you. No fooler."

"Muchee bad letter. No goodie. No like suicide. No agree samee me. Say must do it. All lightee. No an help. Evylsing in goodiee shape. Now me go out and catchee suicide substitute!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

CUT OFF HIS WOODEN FOOT.

Man Caught in Trap and No One to Help Him.

John McLeod, of Millford, Me., employed as a scaler on the lumbering operations in township 31, had a strange experience recently. He was caught in a bear trap, and was obliged to cut off his foot with a jackknife.

Fortunately, he had a wooden leg, and the operation was not painful. He was going from one landing to another, and thought to cut off part of the distance by taking the bank of the Athabasca stream. And he got into a bear trap, which closed upon his wooden leg with a snap, and held him in such a way that he could not reach the springs to release himself.

The spot was far from the camp or logging road, and John was in quite a predicament. But the situation was joyful even compared with what it might have been had he been blessed with two good legs, or even if he had been caught by the other. As it was, he whipped out his jackknife, and in a short time had writhed his leg clear, and John was in quite a predicament. But the situation was joyful even compared with what it might have been had he been blessed with two good legs, or even if he had been caught by the other. As it was, he whipped out his jackknife, and in a short time had writhed his leg clear, and John was in quite a predicament.

"Who owns this house?"

"A Mr. Vernon."

"Exactly so. Do you know what his first name is?"

"Alfred," said Mrs. Cowley. Her nephew looked perplexed for a moment, only at your funny way of telling them. But, joking apart, what is this story about a cradle?"

Because I have heard something in Australia, which I think relates to this house."

"In Australia? Why, how could any one know of it there?" asked Rose opening her eyes very wide.

"Who owns this house?"

"A Mr. Vernon."

"Exactly so. Do you know what his first name is?"

"Alfred," said Mrs. Cowley. Her nephew looked perplexed for a moment, only at your funny way of telling them. But, joking apart, what is this story about a cradle?"

Because I have heard something in Australia, which I think relates to this house."

"In Australia? Why, how could any one know of it there?" asked Rose opening her eyes very wide.

"Who owns this house?"

"A Mr. Vernon."

"Exactly so. Do you know what his first name is?"

"Alfred," said Mrs. Cowley. Her nephew looked perplexed for a moment, only at your funny way of telling them. But, joking apart, what is this story about a cradle?"

Because I have heard something in Australia, which I think relates to this house."

"In Australia? Why, how could any one know of it there?" asked Rose opening her eyes very wide.

"Who owns this house?"

"A Mr. Vernon."

"Exactly so. Do you know what his first name is?"

"Al